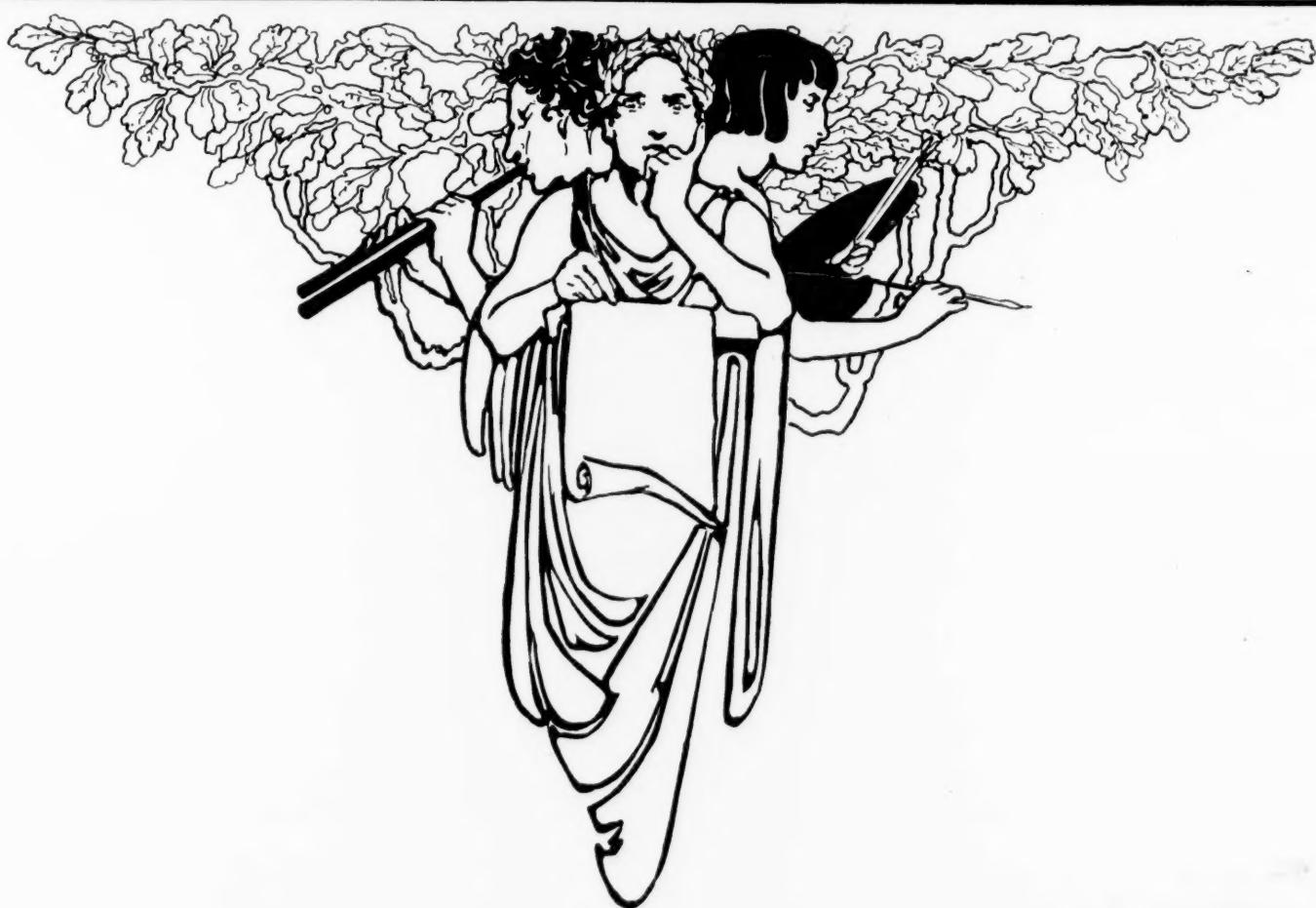


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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVI. No. 24

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1917

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

CONTENTS

THE END OF THE WAR: By W. M. R.....	393
REFLECTIONS: Making Democracy Safe—The Dry Drive—in Behalf of Mr. Kitchin—The Feet of the Young Men—God With Us—Art in the Basement—The Landlord is the Enemy—The Hopes of Ireland—For the Freeing of the Earth—The Best Investment—Municipal Aesthetics—The City and the United Railways—Mastery of the Air—Make the Loan a Success—Socialists True and False—Kidnapping and the Death Penalty—Putting the Father of Waters to Work.	393
By William Marion Reedy.....	393
BATHTUBS: By Richard Butler Glaenzer.....	397
THE PRESIDENT'S PAPER: By Margaret B. Downing	397
VOX IN DESERTO CLAMANTIS: By John Beverley Robinson	398
THREE LOVE SONGS: By Sara Teasdale.....	399
THE OLD BOOKMAN: Confessions of Learned Ignorance. By Horace Flack.....	399
BRANDS ON THE WAR: By William H. Seed.....	400
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: A Diagram for a Poem	403
SOME NEW BOOKS.....	403
MARTS AND MONEY.....	404

The End of the War

By W. M. R.

I understand the President's note to Russia and the supplementary note of the British government, their meaning is that the allies war not for territories nor for indemnities for themselves. They do not say, however, that in the event of victory they will not exact reparation and restitution for the devastated little nations from their invaders. Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania and Montenegro must be compensated so far as that is humanly possible and there must be a restoration of Poland to nationhood, reworking the parts separated and seized by Germany and Austria with the portion long held by Russia. France has said she will demand the return of Alsace and Lorraine, but the British note says nothing of this though it may be one of the subjects upon which Great Britain is willing to make other agreements. For the rest the British note strongly supports the reiteration of President Wilson's principle that the war is being fought to make the world safe for democracy. The British note says that the peace to be made must assure the world that what happened in 1914 can never happen again. The war in short is for a peace

that will shackle the world's outlaw—the present government of Germany. If the purposes and the intimated terms of peace lack definition, that is but natural. The first thing necessary is to bring about the defeat of the Germans. After that, the terms of peace may be discussed more in detail. The notes to Russia appear to have satisfied the scruples of the men in power and moreover Russia seems to be shaping herself gradually into an organization to prosecute the war. Plain common sense seems to be winning its way against the fantasticalities of the more or less mystic impossibilists. That these pacifists were playing Germany's game, Russia now appears to realize. There is a demand that the war be carried on in good faith with Russia's allies, now that Great Britain and the United States have specifically disclaimed all purpose of aggrandizement. Germany must pay for loosing hell upon earth and she must pay to the nations and peoples she has brutally, even fiendishly, wronged. How she shall pay is not declared. How the map of Europe is to be remade is not indicated, nor what readjustment is contemplated for the preservation of peace in the Balkans. Many questions are left open; as to subject nationalities in Austria-Hungary; as to Italy's claims against Austria; as to final disposition of Turkey; as to the captured German colonies; as to the colony of Kiao-Chao in China. Can these be adjusted in a way to insure a long, not to say a permanent, peace? And what about tariff combinations against the central empires, which mean not peace but a sword? How deeply is the United States to be concerned in these aspects of the peace problem and how are they to be settled in strict accord with the principles of democracy? The President's note and the British note to Russia do not touch upon these subjects, though dialecticians can easily enough fit them in with the generalities of the democratic assurances to Russia. A league of peace looms in the future but how are the central empires and Bulgaria to be taken into such a league? If they are not so taken in, the league without them will invite more war. Shall Germany be shut out of a federation for the peaceful development of the backward regions of the earth? As I write, Germany talks of peace terms based upon her holding Belgium and the iron and coal fields of France and regaining her colonies. Such terms are impossible save with the British fleet at the bottom of the sea and the Germans in Paris; if possible at all, Germany might as well add an indemnity from the United States, the abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine and control of the Panama canal. Germany is bluffing. The submarines have failed of their purpose. She lost the war at the Marne. As a matter of mere mathematics, Germany cannot win the war now. The preponderance of men, money, munitions and food supply is overwhelmingly against her, to say nothing of such an important imponderable as the execration of all neutral nations. The United States has smashed the dream of German world-supremacy. It is not beyond possibility that Germany will see this before any large body of American troops under General Pershing takes the field in Flanders. The end will come the sooner with Russia reassured as to the purposes of the allies, but the end is near. "The wheel has come full circle; I am here," the Kaiser well may say, trembling as Russia prepares to try for treason and execute Nicholas Romanoff, as Constantine steps down in Greece, making way, eventually for a republic. Austria-Hungary visibly weakens and yearns for peace. Turkey seeks to save herself if she can. Bulgaria is in a mood to cease

fighting for no reward that she can see. Great Britain is not starved. Let the United States muster three million men at once, and the war is ended, possibly without sending troops to Europe. Delay and dribble the muster and we prolong the war. For the rest there's nothing to add to the declarations of purpose. The last word is to Germany, thus: "Get rid of the Hohenzollerns and we will make a democratic peace with the German people." And the United States will not abide in the peace congress after the war any proposal to crush a popular government in Germany.

♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Making Democracy Safe

NICHOLAS! Constantine! Does William hear the call, "Next?" And how about George?

"God save the king, or kings,
For I doubt if men will longer;
Methinks I hear a little bird that sings
The people bye and by'll be stronger."

♦♦

The Dry Drive

The country, by hook or crook, is to be made dry, as a war measure. Once fastened upon us, prohibition will never be shaken off. And a business of billions that we recognized and fostered is to be confiscated without compensation. Is teetotalism more important than justice?

♦♦

In Behalf of Mr. Kitchin

UPON information of the most authentic character from the national capital I am inclined to believe that I have done an injustice to Hon. Claude Kitchin, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, in certain comments upon the revenue bill which he has championed in congress. I am told that in the committee Mr. Kitchin stood out for a revenue measure that would have provided for paying the expenses of the war by taxes upon incomes, inheritances and excess profits. He was outvoted by his colleagues who prepared the measure submitted to the House. Chairman Kitchin felt bound to defend the measure as the best that could be had. That was why he advised voting for the bill with eyes shut. He is opposed to the point of loathing to all the protectionist features of the bill, to all the details thereof that tend to shift the incidence of the taxes upon those least able to bear it. He tried, so far as he could, to place the taxes where they could not be shifted so easily to the poor, but failing in that he supported the bill as representing about what congress would stand for. If he has spoken lengthily it was because it was incumbent upon him as chairman to explain the principles upon which the bill was framed by his colleagues. If there is anything in the revenue measure that embarrasses the administration and tends to make the war unpopular, Mr. Kitchin is not responsible for it. His position is well understood by his Democratic colleagues and he has their confidence and even their affection. He was against our going to war, but his opposition ceased when a state of war was declared to exist. He has done no more than stand forth as the defender of a measure representing about the best that could be put through considering the economic benightedness of congress. One of the ablest and most thoroughly progressive men in congress assures me of this. So I am sorry I have done an injustice to Mr. Kitchin, though I still think that

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the revenue bill was and is an abomination of the most unscientific kind that was ever concocted in the name of expediency. It is our first and our only contribution to the atrocities of war.

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The Feet of the Young Men

THE selective draft has been a success, so far as can be judged at this time. The figures given out as to the number of exemptions claimed do not mean that all the men who answered the questions as to exemption meant to evade the draft. Hundreds of thousands of men, nay, millions, are not anxious to go to war. Americans have not been trained to seek war. They have been educated to believe in peace. But they will serve cheerfully in a just war for their country. They have been told for three years that they were to be neutral, even in word and thought, and they have not yet been made to see quite the need of our getting into this war. The war has come upon them suddenly and they do not quite understand why. The President's recent utterances are providing an explanation, and the explanation that counts is the one that this country was and is endangered by the scope and purpose of German autocracy and militarism. The response to the call for registration was not jubilant. It was soberly dutiful and none the worse for that. Nine million men or more have said "Here!" to their country's call. Opposition to the conscription was neither widespread nor violent. Considering all our traditions and especially the almost unanimous conviction during the past quarter of a century that peace was our especial destiny and war a doomed institution, the spectacle presented on registration day, June 5th, was one that cannot fail to impress the world with the fact that democracy and discipline are not irreconcilable enemies. If anyone had breathed registration for conscription five years ago he would have been considered a fit subject for a madhouse. The thing was not deemed within the possibilities two years ago. And yet there are people who say that because the young manhood of the country did not rush singing to enlist, it is unpatriotic. This is sheer idiocy. No better proof of genuine patriotism could be imagined than the calm acceptance of a situation and condition absolutely unthinkable but half a decade ago. The young American had not been worked up to a war fever. He had been led to think of war as an insanity. He had been told that this war was none of our affair, except in so far as it was something to deplore as national and racial atavism in Europe. And now told by those in authority that this country must take part in the struggle for free peoples and democratic institutions, he marches to the registration booths without protest, with indeed an equable calmness more dignified than any wild clamor for enemy blood. To be sure, young America did not enlist. He did wait for the draft, but why? Because he felt that it was in a way democratic. He felt that everybody ought to go. He answered the questions on his card or by the registration officers, honestly. There were gloriously few cases recorded of youths lying to escape the possibility of service. We hear a great deal of slackers, but more than the authorities have seen. Those slackers we have heard of are youths of the vagrant, loafing, criminal or semi-criminal class. The decent youths came up smiling. Even the "conscientious objectors" registered, confident that they would not be compelled to do violence to their consciences. So far as competent observers can make out, the young American feels that in the selectiveness of the draft he will be given a square deal. "If it's necessary, I'll go and do my share." Who has heard any complaining or whining? In truth, the registration showed that the authorities rather underestimated the responsiveness of the country to the call for service. The boys came up in handsomer fashion than did those of Great Britain. In a more thorough democracy than England knows we have accepted conscription with much less fuss and fuming, and not to repel an immediately threatened invasion, but for imminent service beyond seas, in a war most of us had thought

would and could never touch us intimately. There is something fine in this, especially when we reflect that there is no hate in it for anyone or for anything unless it be for the evil forces which originally invoked the war. This response deserves that it be met with absolute fairness in the actual conscription, that there shall be no favoritism shown as between man and man or so-called class and class. It deserves, moreover, the tribute of a clearer demonstration of the necessity and rightfulness of the war so far as we are concerned. The American youth between the ages of 21 and 30 should be made to see that he is not fighting for one European imperialism against another, that he is fighting for indisputable Americanism, for democracy all over the civilized world. I think the President has made this very clear in his Russian note. Secretary of the Interior Lane made it clear in his address in which he showed that we have not only suffered wrongs but are threatened with worse, fully justifying war. The registered youth are ready for duty. They face war not as a glorious frolic, but as a stern, sad duty. They are under no illusion as to personal glory to be won. They have no ecstasy in the prospect. They accept the supreme responsibility of the American freeman, believing that they are called to serve mankind in a fight to shape a world in which states shall exist for men, not men for states, a world in which no state or race shall rule another without its free consent. The registration shows American democracy in its supremest, sanest and serenest manifestation, trusting itself in an adventure unimaginable less than three years ago.

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God With Us

WILL religion survive the war? is the question certain high-brows are asking themselves and answering according to their light or darkness. Mr. H. G. Wells, who thinks aloud on all questions in public, has evolved for himself, with a certain condescension, a God of a sort. His book, "God, the Invisible King" (Macmillans, New York), is the formulation of his suspicions as to the existence of an informing persistence of some intelligent purpose in the world. He makes a rather clean sweep of about everything else man has called religion in order to erect his structure. The operations of his mind in this performance are of much interest, as are the operations of all minds which concede that if there isn't a God it is necessary to invent one to explain things. The result is a God made to order for the intellectuals, cut to a certain elastic measure in order to meet the rather vague contour of the thoughts of these thinkers. This God lacks a great deal of definition to the soul hot for certainties in this, our life. It is a dusty answer, as Meredith says. But we need not quarrel with Mr. Wells or the other inventors or discoverers. We may smile, however, over their bland assumption that religion is vanished or is disappearing. There is left a great deal of the old religion and indeed there are not wanting signs in abundance of an intensification of faith in what the high-brows call the antiquated anthropomorphic conception of God. The casual reader of current literature cannot fail to note the way in which the warring peoples have turned to their own tribal God, calling upon Him to smite their enemies. This God is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Each people is a chosen people. All peoples assume that their God knows they are right and will aid them to victory, or in moments of depression they declare that this God has visited punishments upon them for their sins. There is as much religion in the world as there ever was. Not only does it survive, but it revives. And all the new religions of Mr. Wells and others are but fantastic reshaping of the fundamental concepts of the faiths said to be outworn. The more it changes the more it is the same thing—the filling of a need in a life with an explanation of life's meaning. Curious how none of the religion makers will let Christ go. They all appeal to him against Mars, even against Apollo. Each new religion maker is sure that if Christ were here now he

would approve of each artificer's invention. A crucified world turns to its crucified Saviour for consolation and finds it somehow. It is not necessary here and now to find and present intellectual explanations of this in psychology and the necessity for myth to furnish a focus for aspiration. The fact is that it is so. Why worry over the question whether religion will survive the present cataclysm, when one finds in a paper like the London *Saturday Review*, a poem such as follows here, by P. J. Fisher, B. E. F.—a hymn as raptly fervent as any that have come down to us from the ages of faith, a glory of mystic realization of the personality of the Redeemer sustaining his brethren on the death-sown fields of Flanders, a more perfect vision of Christ in Hades than Stephen Phillips knew:

THE FAITHFUL COMRADE
Where stark and shattered walls
Mourn desolate to the sky
He buildeth me a home
And well doth fortify.

The sweeping scythes play near
And shrill about my head:
I look into His eyes
That smile away my dread.

And when with faltering feet
I thread the perilous trench,
His print the clay before
And shame me if I blench.

If nerve and spirit yield
Before the grim demands,
New power is in the touch
Of His transfigured hands.

The thousand barbarous tongues
Of war may round me brawl;
His love within my heart
Sings louder than them all.

O edgeless armament!
O empty jeopardy!
While He, my Comrade, walks
The stricken fields with me.

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Art in the Basement

ST. LOUIS is the most virtuous town what they is. The proof is to be found in the basement of the City Art Museum. It consists of two or three paintings by Ignacio Zuloaga, the Spanish artist, whose other works are now on exhibition on art hill. Those paintings in the basement are nudes. They are art fully as wonderful as any of the paintings publicly displayed, but they are suppressed. If our good people gazed upon them, the good people might have sinful thoughts. We might lose our immortal souls if we gazed upon the unclothed lady resting upon a couch and listening to the chatter of a big parrot. No wonder parrots are wicked birds! The Zuloaga nudes represent the female form unadorned. We can imagine anything we may wish about the female form, but our eyes must not behold it. Yet that same female form holds a soul. Isn't it a wonder God would have such exalted use for such a vile and filthy thing of which an old poet wrote, "On this soft anvil all the world was made?" And isn't it deliciously ridiculous that although the visitor to the museum cannot see the nudes among the wonderful canvases upon the walls, all he need do is invest 50 cents in the special catalogue and behold the pictures in the basement quite voluptuously reproduced in half-tone? I can't see why the man who will spend 50 cents for a catalogue should be wantonly exposed to contamination while the privileged poor are carefully protected. Has wealth no rights? And if a man with the catalogue cannot find on the walls the pictures reproduced in the booklet, can he not sue the museum for false pretenses or *laches* or something? Moreover, one can go into another room and feast his eyes on "La Cigale," a much "nicer" painting. One wishes that one were not disturbed by such reflec-

tions when viewing Zuloaga's wonderful work, recalling the power and remorseless truth of Velasquez and Goya. Here is Spain, the most matter of fact land in the world that all the rest of the world persists in seeing as incurably romantic, and the catalogue with the yellow cover sets us to wondering about the nudes in the basement.

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The Landlord is the Enemy

APPROPOS the agitation for a federal tax upon land values and especially upon unimproved land values, to meet the government's need of revenue, the mail advertising of a Pittsburgh real estate agent cited in the *Dispatch*, of that city, is significant. The broker in question is trying to sell land, or rather, the speculative value of land, and he recommends such values as offering an easy means of escaping taxation. The frankness of the agent is almost astounding to anyone who understands the land question. Land is not listed for war taxation. It is about the only thing that escapes, except government bonds. This being the case, we may expect soon a great land boom. Real estate boards in every big city are splurging in advertising the advantage to men of wealth in buying land simply to hold it. But listen to our Pittsburgh broker:

Has it occurred to you, as a man of large income, how very favorable present conditions are for investments in vacant lands? For some years to come you may expect increasingly high income taxes and while the present revenue bill only proposes 33 1/3 per cent tax on all incomes over \$500,000, yet it may be confidently predicted that this percentage will be considerably increased and some go so far as to predict confiscation of all incomes over \$100,000. It would therefore seem good business for those having such incomes to switch their investments from revenue producing securities or to trade such securities for vacant lands. Vacant lands will produce no immediate income and therefore bear no federal tax. State, county or municipal taxes that may be paid on vacant lands are allowed as a set-off in making up income tax returns. Nothing is more certain than the increasing value of vacant lands, particularly during a period of industrial and agricultural activity and high wages as must exist during the next few years. If the lands are not sold until after the present period of war taxes has passed, this large profit will escape heavy war taxes entirely.

The argument that applies to city lands applies to farm lands. The man who wants to escape income taxes can sink a lot of money in farm lands and then refuse to let the lands for farming. What though the government proclaims that every acre of soil should be cultivated to supply food for ourselves and our allies! Let the world starve; the landlord doesn't care. Congress may pass bills for food control. The holder of vacant land is not going to put his land to use. When he uses it he will be taxed on the income. All he has to do is to let the land alone. Its value increases all the time by reason of the work of men who use land. The men who use the land pay the taxes the non-user should but does not pay. Vacant land is infinitesimally taxed, if we compare its value as listed for taxation with the price demanded for it when someone wishes to buy it. There are over four hundred million acres of such land in the United States, with the whole world clamoring for food supplies. All our land now held out of use, if cultivated, might well support the people of all the nations now at war. There are millions of acres of idle land in our cities. They are an obstacle to progress. If put to use, they would abolish unemployment in the city and raise wages automatically. Idle-land holding is as inimical to society as a corner in bread or other foodstuffs. It is a corner in both work and food. It is a hold-up of the people. It should be prevented as the government proposes to prevent food speculation. It can be prevented by taxation that will force the land into use. A land value tax, especially upon unimproved land, should be made a part of the legislation for increasing the food supply. The holder of land out of use is an enemy of the country. He helps the country's foes. He leaves his productive fellow-citizens to bear the burdens of government in war

and peace. Land speculation should be abolished by taxation that will destroy the speculative value in land. Congress should act to that end. The Crosser bill to accomplish this purpose should be passed. This is House Bill 4024. Write your congressman and senators demanding its passage. The Pittsburg broker's advertisement supplies all the argument that is necessary. Anyone can see it.

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The Hopes of Ireland

THINGS begin to look better for Ireland. The Sinn Feiners will abandon their irreconcilable attitude towards the proposed convention for the formulation of a plan for self-government. The Ulster Unionists will send representatives to the conference too, with the reservation that they shall not be coerced into acceptance of any proposals to which they cannot agree. It appears that the convention is not to be constituted along strictly political lines. According to the cablegrams of last Tuesday, there will be 101 members representative of "every walk of life in Ireland." If they cannot agree upon a presiding officer, the British government will name one. The county, borough and urban district councils will select their own representatives. The churches will be represented by their bishops—in the case of the Presbyterian, by their moderator; while the chambers of commerce of Dublin, Belfast and Cork will name their own delegates, as will each political party. The government will nominate fifteen members. The gravity of the situation demands that all the members be the men of the best character and especially that they possess more than the ordinary amount of "sweet reasonableness." The all-or-nothing men of all factions will be an obstacle to the achievement of the ends sought. I hope to see in the gathering men like Horace Plunkett and George W. Russell, and representatives of the Irish literary movement. There must not be too many politicians. An agreement will be difficult. In the first place, absolute independence for Ireland is out of the question. The opposition to that not only in Ireland itself but throughout the empire, is too strong. Self-governing autonomy in local affairs is about all that can be reasonably expected. But the difficulties are enormous. They have been excellently set forth in the series of articles by Mr. John Kirby, in the New York *World* and the *Post-Dispatch*. Ulster fears Catholic domination. But even more than that Ulster fears that agricultural, unprogressive southern Ireland dominating a government will unduly burden the manufacturing and commercial north. The south fears the commercial north, the power of its money. Not that the north is numerically strong enough, but because money ties up with money, and the capitalist interest in the south will join hands with the like element in the north to suppress what they call agrarianism. The big interests care more for the security of their money power than they do for anything else, and in an Irish government Dublin booze would make common cause with Belfast shipbuilding. Dublin booze, it is generally understood, is the prime cause of the futilization of the Nationalist party in Parliament. The Nationalists are not a progressive party. They are dismally conservative. They have as steadily as stupidly refused to go the full distance on the land question. Among them were some of the most eloquent denunciators of Lloyd-George's ante-war programme for emancipating the land. The Belfast man says the Dublin man gets up late and works little when he is up. The north says there have not been fifty new buildings erected in Dublin in fifty years. Cork is a land of sweet-do-nothing. Yet while the north hustles and the south dreams, the hustlers have to pay for the government of the dreamers. The south has had to be taken care of while the north took care of itself. That, however, is only one side of it. The south says government has helped the north and its industries in every way, while it has penalized agriculture. The south says the government has closed up its harbors. The southern country has been depopulated by repression, while the north has been favored through the influence of Ulster with the big

business politics of England and Scotland. Northern rebels have been placed in the cabinet. Southern rebels have been imprisoned and shot. The south says it has been robbed of everything but its dreams. It has produced poets because it could not produce captains of industry. The south has a national spirit. The north is, so far as its dominant elements are concerned, an English colony. The interests of the two sections are opposed in every particular. In such a situation the prospects for harmony are very poor indeed. But there are men north and south who see something of the merits of both sides of the controversy. You cannot read the work of James Stephens or of St. John Ervine without realizing that the north is not wholly and irretrievably committed to war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. There are men, too, in the south, who have seen the promise of co-operative industry. The Irish Agricultural Organization Society is no concern with only dreams to sell. The co-operative movement sees politics as the bane of all Ireland. It has seen that the Dublin booze interest dominant in Nationalist politics cares nothing for any interest in Ireland so long as it was let alone. The church has been played in politics rather more than it has played politics and the rich Protestant and the rich Catholic agreed upon one thing, that their cinch was sacred. James Connolly, killed in the Easter insurrection, showed up all this in his book, "Labor in Irish History." There will be no Connolly in the coming convention. A Socialist has a poor chance in Ireland, north or south. Indeed, the prospects of the convention producing a plan of autonomy would be better if there were more economic radicals in it than indurated conservatives. No tentative programme has been put forth for the meeting by anyone. The suspended home rule bill will doubtless be made the pivotal point in the proceedings. Ulster hates that. So do the Sinn Feiners. It is too much for the one and not enough for the others, but at that it does provide for a large measure of self-government in home affairs and of potency in imperial affairs. It does not give the Irish control of military affairs or of all matters of taxation or even of education, but those things are explained by the fact that the empire contributes largely to the support of Ireland and will have to set the new government on its feet. Ulster repudiated the home rule bill, threatened rebellion if it were enforced. I see nothing indicating that Ulster has changed its mind—nothing. There is but one thing that may force an agreement in the convention. That is President Wilson's declaration of the purposes for which the United States joins the allies. Home rule cannot be refused Ireland by those who fight with the United States for the freedom of the small nationalities. Ulster can hardly stand out against what Great Britain promises Poland, Serbia, Belgium. The best hope of Irish agreement is on the platform for all peoples that Woodrow Wilson has proclaimed to all the world.

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For the Freeing of the Earth

THOSE rich fellows, munitions makers and others, who brought on the war, according to the pacifists,—what fools they are! They might have sat tight and continued to make money off the warring nations by selling them supplies. They might have continued to loan those nations money and collect the interest. But they forced us into war and now they have to pay heavy income and profit and other taxes. And as the war goes on the taxes will become heavier, while their capital will be diminished in value. Moreover, while we were not at war we might have gone on building up our foreign trade with countries not at war. The interests that promoted the war appear to have been hoist on their own petard. They were getting theirs nicely while we were out of war, but now they are getting theirs in quite the opposite sense. Of course if the allies lost the war we might have lost the money we loaned them to carry it on, but now that we are in the war our capitalists have to risk ten or twenty times what they stood to lose before. It is a too common saying that we are in the war to make money. Europe was saying a while

REEDY'S MIRROR

back that we stayed out of the war to make money. I don't see how we are going to make money out of the war to any extent. We cannot collect any indemnity from anyone; at least we will not. We have got to pay for our share in the war and for the shares of others, too. The profiteers will be increasingly relieved of their profits as those profits are revealed. Five years of war will destroy industry at the present rate of cost of war. Taxes will be so heavy that industry will not be able to bear up under it. When the tax upon work and production reaches the stage of intolerability, perhaps we shall begin to tax the wealth that is produced by everybody and engrossed by the few. The country is going to lose money directly by going into the war. We shall have a debt in many billions to pay. Who will pay it? Not the producers, when the war shall have opened their eyes. There will be but one way to restore industry, by opening up all natural resources to use, by destroying all monopoly in the destruction of land monopoly. The workers of this country and of the world will take care of all the debts by refusing to pay them to men who loaned to the nations the money those men never earned. The time will come when the bonds for the war will be paid by taxing the earth out of the private possession of the great money-lenders. For the present, however, the man of small or moderate means can best get his share of the earnings of the earth by joining the bondholders. Investment in bonds by workers is a step towards partial democratization of wealth. Everybody will have to pay the bonds and therefore each man were wise to arrange that so far as possible his payment shall be made to himself. This is the pragmatic philosophy for all radicals. It is the way to use the winds of the world storm to fill the sails of economic reform and utilize the force to bring the cause of a free earth to snug harbor.

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The Best Investment

A LIBERTY BOND pays only 3½ per cent. But if the war goes on for very long and there should be other loans, and taxation should increase as it surely will, and the rate of interest should decrease on investments generally, a Liberty Bond may be the most profitable security to be had. If the government must borrow more money it will offer better interest, and then the holders of Liberty Bonds may exchange them for the higher interest issues. It is good business to invest in Liberty Bonds. They will be as good as cash in hand. They are tax exempt. They cannot become worthless unless the government goes to smash, and if the government goes to smash, every other investment will be worthless. But it is the Kaiser who is going to smash, not the United States, and when he does, Liberty Bonds will command a premium.

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Municipal Aesthetics

ON the three nights when the weather permitted, the presentation of the opera "Aida" in the municipal open air theater in Forest Park, this city, was a glorious success. There might have been a better stage setting, but as it was the rather archaic simplicity thereof was not without its charm. Scenic limitations necessitated some changes in the manner of the presentation but the novelty added to the pleasing effect. The choral groupings were brilliant and the handling of the lighting was superb. The darkening of the stage in lieu of dropping a curtain and the illumination of it instead of the rising gave to the scene a touch of mystery. The audience itself on the great slope of the hillside was impressive alike in both light and shade. In the vocal rendition of the music the leading artists were triumphantly effective, Salazar and Peralta, Van Gordon and Lazzari making the score yield its most gorgeous as well as its most delicate values. There are few operatic stars who could have done so much and done it so artistically singing in the open. As for the orchestra, it was unequal to the sending of the full measure of sound over all the vast auditorium. The violins were lost, but the wood winds and the brasses made good acoustically, though with occa-

sional bizarre effects. There will have to be a readjustment of orchestras and indeed of orchestration to meet the requirements of *al fresco* opera on the grand scale. Maybe the new music will make this possible; certainly this kind of opera needs for orchestral effect some such devices for getting the sound effect properly distributed acoustically to the auditors as were so irreverently commented upon when Strauss presented "Elektra." These quite amateur reflections upon phases of musical aesthetic in the performance should count for nothing as against the fact that the delight of the large audiences was too genuine and too absorbing to permit the mind to wander at all into criticism. The great crowds got "Aida" and even the conoscenti had to admit that what was given was the true Verdi at his best. The experiment in municipal opera was magnificently justified. The amateur chorus deployed itself and sang quite wonderfully, with anything but perfumtoriness. Only a spirit of hypersensitive and superexacting grouchiness could find serious fault with the performance, considering all the factors in the occasion. No one who heard and saw the opera would willingly have missed it, and all will remember for long the spell it cast upon them. It is too bad that the rain prevented many of the visiting advertising men from beholding and listening to the representation. St. Louis has never done anything better in giving expression to the communal spirit in aesthetic effort. The men who brought the project to visualization and audition deserve more gratitude than probably they will ever receive. They have mine, most whole-heartedly.

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The City and the United Railways

MAYOR KIEL, with health restored, returns to the chief magistracy of St. Louis with a big and worthy purpose. He is going to try to effect a compromise of the quarrel between the city and the United Railways over the annual tax of a mill per passenger. If the matter be not compromised the railway company must fail. That will be bad for the company and for the city, too. It is proposed that the company pay the mill tax to December, 1916, that a new and smaller tax be imposed more suited to the company's financial condition, that the city cease contesting certain underlying franchises and confirm the company's interpretation of those contracts, and finally that under a new arrangement of reduced capitalization the city be made a partner in the railway company, receiving a certain percentage of profits. This is a basis for a peace. Peace is better than war. The city might go on exacting indemnities but if it does, the time will soon come when there will be little from which the indemnity can be extracted. Under the plan the city surrenders no right or authority. The company will make concessions as to capitalization. The tax will still yield revenue and a share of the profits besides. The compromise along these lines should be adopted. And the end of compromise should be not revenue, but rather an improvement of service. That, and not money, is what the city wants of a transportation system.

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Mastery of the Air

READERS of this paper will remember that some weeks ago it was suggested that one of the best things this country could do towards an early ending of the war was to proceed to the manufacture of airplanes upon such a scale as would insure to the enemies of Germany complete mastery of the air. The value of the suggestion has been proved by the recent operations upon the western front, in which largely because of this mastery of the air the Germans were unable to anticipate any actions of the allies, because German aviators were driven back behind their own lines, while the fliers of the allies could watch and report every movement of the Germans. It is not improbable that bombardment of German bases has had an effect in diminishing the effectiveness of submarine activity. Now we read that our war department has decided to

expend some millions in the construction of aircraft. One report says a billion, but that is probably an exaggeration. When we consider the number of machine shops throughout this country that can be put to work turning out parts of airships to be assembled at different points and sent across the ocean, it is no exaggeration to say that we can absolutely overwhelm the German aviation forces. There can be such a bombardment of German towns as will bring the war home to all the dwellers therein, and airplanes over the sea can make submarine operations upon any large scale impossible. Airplanes can be built cheaply and quickly. They will make the expense in life much less heavy. They will save men in great numbers for our side. If airplanes are so effective when supremacy in the air is relative, as it is now on the western front, what will they be when the supremacy is absolute?

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Make the Loan a Success

IT does not seem that there is any danger of failure upon the part of the people to subscribe the full amount of the Liberty Loan. The people are not in the habit of investing in government bonds, but they are being educated upon that point and they are responding much more generally to the inducements as the education proceeds. There need be no fear that the money will not be forthcoming, but if it should be slow in its flow there are ways by which the bonds can be placed in large quantities. There is no reason why the concerns taking large government contracts should not be induced to invest in the bonds. In Germany such concerns are given allotments of bonds on a basis of their profits. They are thus in effect made to accept the bonds in partial payment for their services. The banks accept the bonds as security for loans and the bonds have become practically a form of currency. The St. Louis *Times* made this suggestion two weeks ago, but has not followed it up. Such an arrangement for the putting into operation of government control of credit is not necessary now, but it may be in future, for it is certainly true that we are not going to get through this war on an expenditure of only a few billion dollars. Future loans can hardly be negotiated at such low interest at par. There will probably have to be a refunding of these first bonds and possibly some little coercion of the market. As to the present issue, however, it is safe to say that the people will come forward with a grand rush when they discover that the bonds are not to be taken in large blocks by those institutions whose business it is to deal in such securities. The Liberty Loan will not fail. Make sure of this by taking some of the bonds!

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Socialists True and False

ONLY those Socialists who still cling to the antiquated dogmas of Karl Marx are condemning this country's entrance upon the war. That is to say the Socialists who are not under the domination of thinking that is distinctively German. Karl Marx lived in a world far different from this, a world that knew nothing of the inventions that have come to change the operations of economic determinism. American Socialists live in a world in which socialistic principles have been given political effect such as Marx never knew, and they have found those principles taking economic effect as well. They know the distinction between limited democracy and autocracy. Limited democracy is not Socialism but it is an approach thereto. It represents a social gain or advance which American Socialists are determined to hold. They declare that the place of the Socialist is on the side that is opposed to autocracy. Men like John Spargo, Charles Edward Russell and Upton Sinclair are right in their stand upon the plain fact that it would be folly to give aid and comfort to the enemies of democracy on the theory that consideration of the interests of autocracy will further the cause of internationalism. The Socialist who can see anything to support in the claims of Germany is more of a German than a Socialist. He may think he is aiding the German people, but he is

not: he is playing the game of German junkerdom and warlords who are disinclined to make the slightest concessions to the democratic, much less the socialistic spirit. What have the German Socialists, loyal to their country, to offer to their Russian brethren? Nothing. Does not the United States democracy, imperfect though it be, represent a nearer approach to what the Russian idealists hope for? Has Germany yet proclaimed that she does not seek annexations and indemnities? She has not, but the United States has done just that thing. German Socialists may feel that way, but they have not been able to give effect to their feelings. In view of these facts it is hard to understand how any American Socialist can be opposed to this country's participation in the war. If there is anything in the idea of internationalism, this country's attitude should be acceptable to Socialists, for the President's note to Russia fairly meets the internationalist purposes of the Russian Socialists. This country is against militarism. It stands for the equality of rights of small nations as against the aggression of large nations and thus mitigates the excesses of arrogant nationalism. The militarist nationalism of the great powers is diluted by such a policy, and the proposal of international guarantees for permanent peace is a further check upon nationalistic tyranny. It was well that this government refused to permit the attendance at the Stockholm conference of delegates who denounced this country's entrance into the war. Those men would have played into the hands of Germany, while German Socialists stood by their own country. England's delegates to the conference were for England, France's, if there were any, for France. Even Russia's delegates support Russia's war. It would have been an absurdity for the greatest democratic country on earth to have sent to the conference Socialists sympathetic to the most autocratic, militaristic and obscurantist governments in Europe.

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Kidnapping and the Death Penalty

THE abduction and killing of the Keet child at Springfield in this state is an occurrence so hideous that it moves most Missourians to regret that in the recently passed law for the abolition of capital punishment, exception was not made as to persons convicted of such crimes. There is no more cruel as there is no more deliberate crime on the calendar. It is good to know, however, that though one of the captured suspects was tortured by a mob in an attempt to secure a confession, the mob did not proceed to lynch him. It is to be hoped that there will be no outbreak of wild justice in the event of the fastening of the crime upon any of the accused. There are people who believe that the child would not have been slain if the authorities had not followed the father when he went out to deliver to the unknown criminals the ransom they demanded. Whether the authorities should have left the father to compound with those who tortured the feelings of himself and his wife is a point of fine debate. The high Roman stoic contention that the law was more important than the life of the child is hard to sustain. There is to be said for it that delivering the ransom would have promoted other kidnappings, but on the other hand the kidnappers would surely have been caught if they followed up their tactics. But in a practical, human world I should say that the father should have been permitted to buy back his son, under conditions unsupervised by the authorities. Strict legalists will condemn this doctrine. But fathers and mothers will not, and fathers and mothers come before statutes against compounding felonies. But we should reinstate on our code capital punishment for those convicted of kidnapping such as was practiced in the Keet case.

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Putting the Father of Waters to Work

WAR necessities may bring the Mississippi river into use for commerce on a large scale. A fleet of twenty-five barges is to carry coal from St. Louis to St. Paul and to bring back iron from Minnesota and Iowa. The government needs the iron, and the

railroads are so congested they cannot handle the freight. The government's needs will force the use of the river for other cargoes. For years we have been talking of deepening the river. Old steamboat men said that the river was just about as it was in the days when a mighty commerce was borne upon its waters. All that was needed was freight. This has been the position taken by the MIRROR. We are just finding out the truth of this view of the river problem, though no one contends that there is no necessity for deepening the river, clearing out obstructions, constructing docks and elevators and all that. The claim that railroad transportation is faster than river transportation is not substantiated, according to the latest figures. And river transportation is cheaper, save where railroads cut the rates to river points, recouping on rates to points where there is no river competition. Under enlarging scope of governmental regulation all this discrimination against river transportation can be done away with. If the government can use the river to move its freight, other interests may be expected to follow the government's example. There is a vast country to be served between St. Paul and New Orleans, and that stretch of territory produces an abundance of material needed by the world at large. The river can be used quicker than more railroads can be built or the old ones rehabilitated in equipment. In the present emergency I do not see why the government should not lend its credit to interests desirous of building steamboat and barge lines. All the conditions justify such action. With freight provided, the boats and barges would operate for a while at some loss, but in due time freight would beget more freight. Nothing is more certain than that the river traffic must increase in the growing Mississippi valley. If this country is going after foreign trade, it would be wise to send its midland products down the great river to the sea. The Mississippi should be a continuation of the Panama canal, connecting the Northwest with the South seas and with all seas. The Mississippi should serve as a canal between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. It can provide ideally cheap transportation of our products to a world that will be in sore need of them for a long time. The old myth of lack of water is dispelled. There is water enough to float millions of tons of freight. In a crisis the waste of the river is stopped. The railroad interests could not interpose to prevent. River traffic has had a start. The momentum should not be lost. The government should consider the assistance of private enterprise in providing river shipping. The government and the states along the great stream could easily get back all the money advanced and all the money expended in deepening the channel by the simple expedient of taking in taxes the increment of land values in the valley consequent upon the revival of commerce upon the magnificent waterway. The improvement of the river and the encouragement of boat building and operation can easily be made to pay for itself in a comparatively short time.

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Bathtubs

By Richard Butler Glaenzer

THE chirpers of love songs, rhymes of enamored flesh
—One per cent Hippocrene; ninety-nine,
bunkum and "shop"—
Will laugh at a paean of tubs whose embraces refresh
And cheer you like friends when Eros has let you drop.

They have no souls, perhaps—neither have dogs—
But they're far more moving and further removed
from clay
Than many a woman or man; put spirit in cogs

Till they glow like gods from the wheels of a grinding day.

To be sure, they have faults: some are contentious at work;

Some are worn-out from laboring much too hard;
Others are bluffs which mainly sputter and shirk;
Still others, defectives which their makers have marred.

Think of the types: battered old chaps, grotesques
Such as the monster dish-pans Britons drag
From pillar to post, so pompous they seem burlesques
Or dummies of the fine rôle of which they brag.

And then those wood-front coffinlike shapes of tin,
Whose cracked tattoo commences even before
They swallow you up and uncannily stick till your skin
Feels as if vampires sucked at its every pore.

And gleaming porcelain tubs of many a slip,
Unless you keep both eyes glued on the soap;
Tubs without plug-chains; tubs that craftily drip
Hot at the faucet; tubs with a push-neck slope.

Tubs miles too short or one huge inch too long;
Spouters or dribblers; tubs too shallow, too deep;
Beautiful tubs that somehow turn out wrong;
Ugly old things that lull your cares to sleep.

Faults they possess, like us, and virtues, like us,
And neither may show in their looks, for looks
are masks;
But the worst will serve you with less than a servant's fuss
And the best with the speed which a servant of
Mammon asks.

No, I'm no plumber nor one of your "cold bath" cranks:
I sing of bathtubs only because they're worth
More pipings of praise, more gushing fountains of
thanks,
Than love the ambushed wanton and dodger of
birth!

And tubs by the hundreds I've tried: from a plague
of cement
To a vision of violet marble under a dome
Of snowy Pentelic whence Graces blew showers of
scent,—

A Sybarite's whim in a modern millionaire's home.
Yet, of them all, the one I shall never forget
Was formed by three rough rocks in a pure cool
rill.
It cheapened the bath of gold-rimmed *brèche violette*:
I had tramped for a long, hot, midsummer's day
up-hill!
ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA.

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The President's Paper

By Margaret B. Downing

CONGRESS has clipped the wings of the espionage bill; in fact it has perished just where it was getting ready for flight. But so far the organ of the President and his cabinet, the *Official Bulletin*, has been graciously spared and continues to enjoy the prosperity of one hundred thousand daily circulation and free transmission through the mails. The *Bulletin* has been received with hilarity by the press and public men of importance, while many of the lawmakers say it is a harmless little thing, not sufficiently formidable to warrant attack. The press, local and represented from the outside by bureau staffs, resents having official news filtered through an extraneous agent, no matter how prompt or dependable. The big men, politicians and others, like to seek personal interviews when they desire exact information, or to direct their attorney to apply at the fountain head. But after a month's existence, even the most hostile critic of all measures emanating from the executive division of the government is forced to admit that

REEDY'S MIRROR

the *Bulletin* has shown several good reasons for the generous patronage it has received from the President and his counsellors.

To begin with, it is the one place where definite knowledge of executive aims and intentions may be gathered and this in the chaos existing in the legislative branch is a thing to be cherished. No one denies that the Senate and House are arrayed against each other in the matter of financing the war. The Senate, close to Big Business, desires that nearly all ends be accomplished by selling the Liberty Bonds. The house, representing the more popular side and showing a disposition to save the poor and to place the heaviest burden on the rich, talks up increasing the special taxes. There can be no doubt that Mr. McAdoo returned from his western tour convinced that the temper of the country was towards war taxes, even heavier burdens than those already announced. So though the treasury officials are frantically crying out for the general buying of bonds, the work goes on briskly for the levying of special taxes.

In the *Official Bulletin* there is the advantage of reading all that Mr. McAdoo has to say about both propositions, that favored by the upper chamber as well as the most radical utterances of the member who demands taxing every concrete possession of the so-called privileged classes. The press, as a rule, published such of Mr. McAdoo's acts as had bearing on the policy of the particular paper, and omitted all others. Listen to the lamentations of the journals upholding the Senate, over the plight of the House, shorn of power and influence, drifting about with no virile part in the great legislation which now agitates the country. There are House organs which pitch into the Senate as charter members of the national association of grafters, as envoys of plutocracy and corruptionists employed by the captains of industry. Now, in a modest, deprecating way, the *Official Bulletin* offers to its readers everything bearing on the subject which has been issued by the treasury since the controversy began with President Wilson's April speech. In this venture into the domain of the Fourth Estate, the President and cabinet have a powerful weapon, equal to that of the legislative branch in the *Congressional Record* or the judicial in the *Court Journal*. They can produce the written word against misrepresentation or exaggeration, day and date, chapter and verse.

Time was when the head of a flourishing establishment influenced by changing departmental rules or government policies, had to employ the most vigilant of lawyers to keep tab on the proceedings in Washington. In addition he had to subscribe to clipping bureaus for newspaper accounts of these regulations. Many, besides doing this, also kept a shrewd eye out for such news for themselves and could fill large scrap books with the results. Behold how easy it is now—the file of the *Bulletin* in the office, with its supplementary topical index, prepared at the end of every week. The *Bulletin* was to be only one part of the big scheme evolved when Mr. George Creel was made chairman of the Bureau of Public Information, authorized by the Council of the National Defense. Now it looks as though the *Bulletin* were to play the major role, while the other measures have been sent glimmering by the lawmakers. The *Bulletin* is sent gratis every day to every post-office in the United States and its insular possessions. By executive order, it is spread in a conspicuous place in the post-office. It goes to every important daily in the country and to such weeklies as relate to trade, commerce or finance. It goes to every library which admits the public. Thus its daily circulation mounts up to one hundred thousand, and its readers are estimated to reach several millions.

Despite the sly fun poked at the manner in which the official news is placed before the public—absolutely verbatim and without any editorial attempt at appeal to popular fancy—the editors have abundant proof that those who should consult its pages do so, and promptly inform them of the fact. Several

weeks ago the *Bulletin* published the new rules of the Department of Commerce about the entrance of aliens into the United States and the laws of naturalization which had been sent to the consuls abroad. The morning the *Bulletin* was posted in the New York post-office there happened along the manager of a combination of steamship lines and the notice caught his eye. Usually it would have been several weeks before this circular would have reached him through his attorney, and a week or so longer before he could get the order before his various companies. He telegraphed the editors of the *Bulletin* for thirty-two copies, the number required for his agents, and he received the papers the next morning. This example is one which pleases the men responsible for this new experiment and they quote it to prove its practical application. Again, the *Bulletin* publishes bids for the government and these are scattered throughout the country without private expenditure, days before they would be delivered under the old rule. On May 25th, the Quartermaster-General's office put out bids for animals, so many hundred horses and mules of certain weight, and these were in the hands of contractors at least eight days before they would have reached their destinations, through old-time methods, private attorneys or the posting of the bulletins in army posts.

Last week there was a flurry in the Senate through what was described as contradictory statements coming from two members of the cabinet, as shown by their respective papers in the *Bulletin*. Two dyed-in-the-wool Republicans—Mr. Brandegee and Mr. Borah—had some fun over the nonsense, as they called it, so solemnly set forth by the editors of President Wilson's little daily. Secretaries Lane and Redfield were accused of emitting the discordant chords. But separating their views and analyzing them made quite a difference. Mr. Lane, head of the Interior Department, was like the man in the valley seeing the great rivers, the splendid crops, the immense forests, all the untouched resources of one of the richest countries in the world. It is his role to play up what the country possesses, to boom it like a real estate man selling a new subdivision. And he did so. He scoffed the idea of not having enough food for ourselves and for the world. He advised the spending of money freely in order to keep the present industries and the future projects moving. He pictured Uncle Sam in his most benevolent aspect gathering all suffering nations and heaping their arms with good things while we reveled in all we wanted for ourselves. Mr. Redfield was like the man on the mountain. He saw the kingdoms of the world and the commerce thereof, and he advised economy in every way, shape and form; to keep down expenses at home in order to send the surplus abroad and to build deep and strong a commerce which would make us world-defying when the dove of peace at last finds an olive branch to bear back to us. Naturally it would confuse the lay mind, and it sounded amusing as put forth in the Senate by the clever members of the opposition. But explained a day later with the text of each paper side by side in the *Bulletin*, showed both men arguing from a different standard and both reaching logical conclusions. The editors of the *Bulletin* could not change the text, coming from an authoritative source such as a cabinet officer. Theirs is but to publish as sent down, without crossing a t or dotting an i and then to permit the eminent contributors to do their own explaining in case they run against congressional or journalistic criticism.

Once in a while some interesting by-topics appear in the *Bulletin* and one may readily believe these thumb-nail sketches could be signed by names which mean much in the tables of contents of papers and magazines. It is probable that Mr. McAdoo sent in the four hundred word statement about the war loans of England and Germany as against those of the United States, which appeared on May 26. Nothing could be handier at an editorial desk than the details of these loans; England's of \$10,000,000,000 figured in our money and Germany's of \$11,750,000,000, according to the same standard. It is of absorbing interest

to learn that one person in every thirteen in Germany subscribed to the last loan and that the average amount taken was about \$700. In Great Britain, one person in every eleven subscribed to the last loan, and the average amount subscribed was \$950. The Liberty Loan of this country is less than one-sixth of the bank deposits, and the United States is borrowing less than three per cent of its wealth. Put before the public in this shape, the Jeremiads about stark ruination fall flat. Few business men think it means ruin to borrow forty per cent of the value of their holdings.

Many other little ideas are placed pellet-like before the reader. John Skelton Williams has told in entertaining fashion what a government bond is and has explained its utility as currency. There are fascinating bits of information about lighthouses and their keepers and pertinent explanations about women and their work for the national defense.

The *Congressional Record* has readers who find it the most interesting journal in existence. No doubt the *Bulletin* will build up admirers all in good time. There is talk of its extension to embrace other features than the cut-and-dried documents of exalted executives. Like the English *Official Gazette*, its aims are lofty and the expansion of war measures may mean the building up of the President's daily into a sizeable sheet. It is edited in one of those old capital mansions facing Jackson place which once upon a time Washington's Mayfair surrounded. The visitor goes up stairs that led famous men and women of the middle and late nineteenth century to scenes of social renown. But this mansion, No. 10 Jackson place, will always be historically remembered as the spot where the Latin-American Bureau began existence very humbly, in a room or two doled out by the State Department. This has now expanded into the Pan-American Union, the most powerful political and commercial league in the western hemisphere if not in all hemispheres, and its marvelous Peace Temple, erected by Andrew Carnegie, is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world.

Perhaps it is a good omen for President Wilson's little daily to begin life in such an environment. Edward S. Rochester, former editor of the *Washington Post*, controls the destinies of the modest journal, with the assistance of several men chosen from his former staff. It is hinted that, being a good editor, Mr. Rochester would like to get his news on top, and not buried, as it often is, under official verbiage and flourishes. But he is shrewd enough to see that the value of his paper lies in the fact that all official documents are printed in full and verbatim. The failure of the espionage bill must mean larger power for the *Bulletin*. It may be that with increased volume and fuller authority, Mr. Rochester may be able to emphasize editorially salient points in state papers and to uncover a vital measure buried under the pompous language of the bureaucrats.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 8.

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Vox in Deserto Clamantis

By John Beverley Robinson

I CRY aloud to you, sons and daughters of fortune: will you listen; can you understand; will you act?

If you will listen, I will explain to you what the root of the trouble is that now rends the world asunder. If you will listen many of you have intelligence enough to understand, and heart enough to act.

You are present at the culmination of an era. You see before your eyes a dying civilization; dying by its own hand, as philosophers have long ago predicted it must die. The world will go on, and new things will come to pass; but you see the end of civilization based on property.

Ah! you will shriek, he is attacking property! Down with him! And willingly you would drag me

through the mud, as your ancestors dragged Wendell Phillips, because he, too, forsooth, attacked property!

He is some poor devil, you will say, a drunkard probably, or a fool, who is starving by his own vices and follies, and now wants us to divide up our hard-earned goods with him and the like of him.

Ask your lawyers, if you really don't understand any better than that, what property means. They will tell you that it is not the dollars you have earned, but the dollars you have not earned that constitute property.

And every Socialist and Anarchist will tell you the same thing; and there are millions of them now, teaching other millions who will soon join them. They are teaching the people that the new world must be founded on justice if it is to endure. They are teaching them that civilization is destroying itself now because it is founded on injustice.

They are teaching them that the dividends—aye, the sacred dividends—that you gather, are nothing but plunder. They are teaching them that the interest coupons wherein your souls delight, and all the other forms of interest, whereby you get more than you give, are but plunder and extortion and robbery. They are teaching them that the rent which you receive for land is robbery.

Can you not stop being angry with me for saying such subversive things for a moment; just long enough to understand why such things are said? Subversive! It is not talking about them that is subversive: it is the things themselves that are subversive, that have brought us to the cataclysmic terror that envelopes us!

Do you not realize, you who receive a thousand dollars a week, ten thousand dollars a week, the biggest one of you all a million dollars a week, that something is radically wrong with a civilization that regards such fantastic excesses as normal? Do you not realize that with the enormous mechanical achievements of the past century there ought not to be a single impoverished person remaining in the world?

Compare the days when it took a girl a day to knit a pair of stockings by hand and the present day, when she turns out ten thousand pairs by machinery a day, and say whether you think the divvying-up is just that gives her a dollar a day, and a stockholder a hundred per cent dividend?

You know very well, without my telling you, that it is unjust, and it is for you, if you are the intelligent and superior persons you deem yourselves to be, to find the remedy. It is useless to rave; the exigency calls you, not me. You can let things go on as they are going, and be swept away by the flood when the dam that you have built gives way; or you can open the sluices, and afterwards remove the dam, if you would escape destruction.

Many of you are charming people, many fairly intelligent and more than fairly benevolent. Why not see things as they are; and aid in remodeling society; rather than persist in the blind assertion of your privileges, as did the aristocracy of the old regime in France, and be blotted out, as they were?

Do you not realize that the present war is but the culmination of unjust commerce; of the commerce that wants to give two and take three? Just commerce needs no foreign markets; but unjust commerce plunders its own people—the girl that makes the ten thousand pair of stockings is lucky if she can buy one pair of them—and, after plundering them until they can buy nothing, and business is at a standstill, seeks for heathen lands to be converted and plundered in turn.

Do I hear one voice amid the tumult, asking: "What shall I do?"

Two things must be done, and when done, will abolish rent, interest and profit, and bring peace and

plenty on earth: you cannot accomplish them single-handed, but you can give aid and comfort to those who are trying to get them done. Only two! I put them down separately, that you may clearly see and understand, or, at least, begin to understand.

1. Free the land.
2. Free the money.



Three Love Songs

By Sara Teasdale

I. BECAUSE

O H because you never tried
To bow my will or break my pride,
And nothing of the cave-man made
You want to keep me half afraid,
Nor ever with a conquering air
You thought to draw me unaware—
Take me, for I love you more
Than I ever loved before.

And since the body's maidenhood
Alone were neither rare nor good
Unless with it I gave to you
A spirit still untrammelled, too,
Take my dreams and take my mind
That were masterless as wind;—
And "Master!" I shall say to you,
Since you never asked me to.



II. EBB TIDE

When the long day goes by
And I do not see your face,
The old wild, restless sorrow
Steals from its hiding-place.

My day is barren and broken,
Bereft of light and song,
A sea beach bleak and windy
That moans the whole day long.

To the empty beach at ebbtide,
Bare with its rocks and scars,
Come back like the sea with singing,
And light of a million stars.



III. THE LAMP

If I can bear your love like a lamp before me
When I go down the long, steep Road of Darkness,
I shall not fear the everlasting shadows,
Nor cry in terror.

If I can find out God, then I shall find Him;
If none can find Him, then I shall sleep soundly,
Knowing how well on earth your love sufficed me,
A lamp in darkness.



The Old Bookman

CONFESIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE.

By Horace Flack

XIII.—THE BEST METHOD OF SMATTERING.

I F we really wish it, we may often meet men who know much more about something it is worth our while to know than we are ever likely to learn. In such a case, if we know enough to expose our ignorance to them in a proper spirit, we may very easily induce them to begin telling us what they know best. They are nearly always kind men. As a rule, they may expect to be insulted by smatterers engaged in converting the concealment of their ignorance into a title to superiority. In that case their pleasure will be equal to their surprise when they find someone who has smattered well enough in what they have devoted their lives to learning,

to ask them a fair question. Then, if we begin to listen as soon as they begin to talk, they may go on talking as long as we can listen or they can possibly spare the time. If I had met Benjamin Franklin in his shirt-sleeves in the streets of Philadelphia in 1750, all I would have needed to know of electricity would have been enough to ask the fair question which would have started him to telling me the best he knew. Or if you had met Socrates in the market-place at Athens, your fair question would have started him as usual, so that he might have received his usual scolding for forgetting to come home to his meals until after everything was cold.

To illustrate another and much more popular method of smattering, I might write an essay of great apparent learning on "The Irish Language and Literature" merely by taking down one volume after another of Southey's "Commonplace Book," and using the indexes so as to conceal my ignorance of all I have failed to learn since I first bought an Irish dictionary in the 'eighties. This would be smattering. Regardless of the almost universal delusion among the learned that they learn how to spell all other languages in learning to spell their own, I know that I cannot spell successfully in Irish, and that until I can, I have no right to let any one believe that I really know what I am talking about if I begin talking about what Southey quotes to illustrate the secret of Irish superiority during the period when St. Gall and other Irish missionaries were trying to convert and educate Germany.

A third way of smattering, now probably more popular than any other, is to go to the public library, have books piled around you as high as your head, use the indexes for finding short passages to quote and then return next day, and perhaps the day after, until you have citations enough for about 1200 footnotes,—say four to each page of a 300-page volume. After this, all you have to do is to make a ten-page list of "Authorities Consulted" for your appendix, and the thing is done.

This is the more modern method, and perhaps Southey might have been much more useful if he had practiced it or any other known method of smattering. But he never learned to smatter at all. At first he expected to use, and he did use, what he learned. At last, his master-passion was to learn, and learn and learn, whether or not he or anyone else could use it. The result is the astonishing and almost paralyzing accumulation of learning found in his notebooks after his death. With the four series of these "Commonplace Books," published in London between 1840 and 1850, with Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," and a few other books of the kind to reinforce the latest edition of the Encyclopedia, we might smatter through universal literature and the circle of the sciences with the least possible strain on our own brains,—or those of others.

Thought is painful. To think may be more costly than anything else except not to think. By the usual methods of smattering, superinduced by public libraries, we may avoid that painful eruption of thought in ourselves by which others are almost sure to be infected. More to be commended, however, is the method of Lord Bacon, than whom no man in modern times has smattered more widely or thought more deeply. Such books as I suppose he would wish me merely to "taste," I do not count my own, even if they are on my shelves. If I have returned them to a public library, I do not consider that I know them. If I have kept a book in reach of my hand for more than twenty years, I begin to think of it as mine. I think myself rich in books, if my count will show fifty such. And richer still, if there be among them ten which have not left my hands in ten years if I could help it. These you might not covet. For you, the ten books which leave your hands seldomest in the next ten years may be far better. Certainly I will not dispute it if you tell me they are the ten best books in the world.

Brandes on the War

By William H. Seed

"The World at War," by Georg Brandes. Translated by Catherine D. Groth. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

This book consists of nothing more than a rather haphazard collection of articles, lectures, and letters, and is at times rather scrappy. Dr. Brandes is unique. To say that he is one of the greatest critics of his time, and perhaps of any time, is so obvious that it seems almost an impertinence, and a statement of opinion which would be of no importance from another source becomes both interesting and weighty when he makes it.

In the first place Brandes has earned the reputation of being the one man who can tell genius when he sees it, before it has earned recognition of any kind. That is the true test of a critic, but how many critics could pass it? You may answer that question by looking up the biographies of even the greatest geniuses, and separating them into the two great classes: those who starved to death before they were recognized, and those who nearly did so. His second great qualification, causally connected with the first, is his high ethical standard. In his letter to his friend Clemenceau, included in this volume, he takes that eminent Frenchman to task for allowing his national sentiment to run away with him—a vice generally reckoned a virtue in these days. Says Brandes: "I have a very high regard for the writer's calling. If he is not truth's consecrated priest he is only fit to be thrown on the scrap heap." Those words are at once a challenge and a clarion call to every writing man in every country in this momentous time. But alas! the writer who refuses to deviate from this straight and narrow path is likely to find himself unprinted, not merely unread, whereas he has only to go with the stream to be counted great in any kingdom—or republic—on earth. It is the wrong kind of writer who is thrown on the scrap heap.

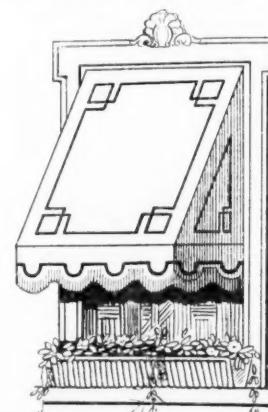
Apart from his genius, his great scholarship, his astonishing insight, as great in the political as in the literary and philosophical fields, and the vast range of his reading, Dr. Brandes is in a position which removes him from some of the temptations of most contemporary public men. There is no author of equal standing belonging to any nation which still remains neutral. Being a Dane, and his brother being one of the principal statesmen of that little kingdom, he has access to the inner political life of Europe, and he is not called upon, by his own countrymen at any rate, to be a partisan of either the Central Empires or the Entente. On the other hand, as these essays show, he has friends in every country, who seem hurt because he does not take their several sides. More than that, he is a Jew, and has a keen sympathy with his race all over the earth, and this gives him an international sentiment which would save him from being narrow, even if he did not have a far higher incentive to consider everything from the loftiest point of view in his high ideal of the writer's calling. This is a lot about a world-character, but the writer of this review remembers an eminent professor

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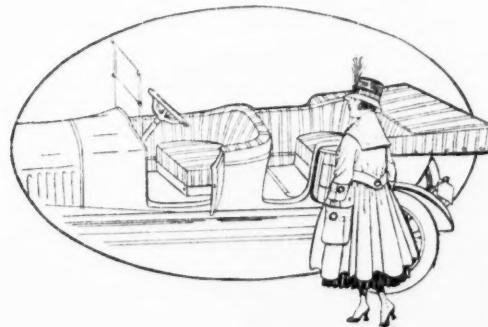
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the militarist ideal in the youth of France, and along with it the return to a reverent Catholicism. Here he mentions for the first time the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and shows how Alsace-Lorraine has been at once a thorn and a spur to young France. Under the same date he gives us an equally clarified account of the brewing of the militarist hell broth among the German youth. The mischief is afoot. The clouds are gathering. Great men in different nations share his forebodings, but nobody is at once wise enough and strong enough to stop the evil process. A lengthier essay, dated August, 1914, states clearly the political causes which were leading Europe straight to the edge of the precipice. Here he makes the statement that the only power which will benefit by the war is the one which

is never mentioned—Socialism. Frederick Engels made the same statement in a much more detailed way about ten years earlier. Indeed, Engels enthusiastically predicts the end of the capitalist system and the establishment of the International Socialist Commonwealth either during the war or as an immediate result of the chaos it will leave behind. Brandes, however, does not go on record with such a view until after the war is in full swing. And his attitude is different. He does not welcome socialism. He is afraid of it, because he thinks it will mean the rule of mediocrity, than which there could be no more appalling prospect to a nature like Brandes'.

He has now reached the time when his approval is sought by the intellectuals of the warring nations. In November, 1914, he summarizes their va-

rious cases. He gives the English point of view first, and follows it by that of France and Germany. He chooses as exponents of the English view, Professor Gilbert Murray and the Lord Haldane. The latter was still lord chancellor, not having then been practically driven from public life on the absurd charge of being a pro-German. Brandes differs from the leading men of all three nations, and picks holes in their statements with a calmness and impartiality beyond all praise. The natural result of his attitude, as he remarks somewhere, is that his writings have been suppressed on both sides of the battle line. Nobody wants the truth at this time. They want encouragement in the course they have taken. A high priest of truth is a drug in the market, even if he escapes being a martyr.

Following it in the book, though dated a month earlier, is a statement of conditions in Russian Poland. Dr. Brandes has always been a champion of Polish freedom, and for this reason and for his other criticisms, and perhaps also because he is Jewish, he was some years ago prevented by the Czar's government from visiting Russia. Yet here he has to bewail in the sincerest sorrow, though without a trace of bitterness, the fact that since the vision of freedom for Poland has seemed possible of realization in the near future, there has broken out among the Poles a storm of bitter anti-Semitism, and horrors have been perpetrated against Jews which were never surpassed in Armenia in the worst days of Abdul the Damned. And what hurts Dr. Brandes most—this attitude is so in keeping with his character that anyone could have foretold it—is that the anti-Jewish movement has the support of the literary men of Poland. This is in strange contrast to Russia, where the Jews have always been championed by the nation's writers. There are several lectures on Poland, and in spite of his just complaint at the treatment of his own race he does not go back upon his espousal of the cause of Polish freedom.

The part which oriental affairs have played in making the war is most interestingly touched upon, and Britain and Russia of course could not expect to escape well-merited castigation over their treatment of Persia, "the Belgium of the East." The claims of any of the great European powers to be the protectors of small nations have been accepted by nobody with a grain of sense, and it scarcely requires Dr. Brandes' pen to tear them to tatters afresh. But he gives us a good summary of the Middle Eastern situation, and incidentally shows his friendly critics, the literary men of other nations, that Denmark is a small nationality, with severe grievances against both Germany and Britain, and his defense of Danish neutrality is very pointed.

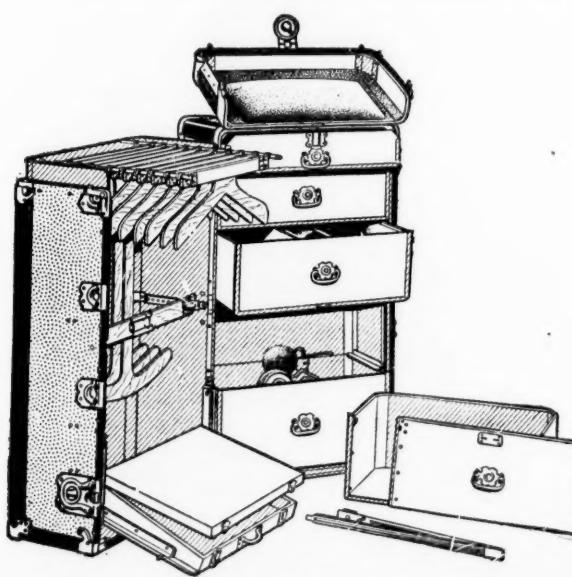
It is to be regretted that we have not bound in the same volume the criticisms directed against Dr. Brandes by M. Clemenceau and Mr. William Archer, nor even any indication where they may be found, as it is always unsatisfactory to read only one side of a correspondence. Another slight animadversion one is bound to make, not upon the author, but the translator. The forceful and weighty though eminently

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readable style of Brandes is visible even in translation, but it is a pity that such solecisms as "doubtlessly" should be permitted to occur, and no Englishman could pass without a smile a reference to "Lord" Winston Churchill.

In conclusion, Brandes discounts the talk of this being the last war. Every war is always going to be the last war, according to those who can make that an excuse for waging it. But to save the world from socialism, he preaches a high idealism—"Let justice reign!"—and advocates the adoption of universal free trade. The latter is a very old-fashioned English panacea, which the rest of the world has always refused to try, and even England is inclined to abandon it now. And idealism of any kind has never been a strong point with the rulers of modern states at any rate, as the present volume bears eloquent witness. And unless a great intellect like Brandes can find some other way out there appears to be no escape from the social revolution, which he fears while others hope for. Yet he shows clearly enough the world has drifted into this war owing to the reign of mediocrity in the governments of the world. Autocracy and oligarchy are clearly no safeguards against mediocrity.

We have no reason to think a king or a president will be wiser than the average man, and the present condition of the world suggests very strongly that justice, liberty, and intellectual civilization will not be less safe under the unfettered rule of the proletariat than they are to-day.

It must be remembered that none of these pages were written since the Russian revolution.

State Socialism

"State Socialism, Pro and Con." Edited by William English Walling and Harry W. Laidler, with a chapter on "Municipal Socialism," by Evans Clark (Henry Holt & Co., New York), is a product of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, a body which is much the same in spirit and method as the English Fabian Society. It consists of nearly 650 rather closely-printed pages. With the exception of the preface, it is scarcely meant to be read through. It is a book chiefly for reference. In the preface we are told just what the editors understand by the term State Socialism. The goal of socialist propaganda is not State Socialism, but Social Democracy, and much anti-socialist criti-

cism is beside the mark because it fails to understand the difference. Social Democracy presupposes a state so democratically organized that it is really nothing more or less than the whole people acting in their collective capacity. It therefore has no savor of paternalism. State Socialism, however, means any activity on the part of the state as it exists to-day, which is really aimed at performing some service for the masses of the people. Thus state railways are an example of State Socialism, because they provide the whole traveling public with cheaper and better service, but where a railway is run for purely military purposes it is not classed as an instance of State Socialism, because the idea of it is not the service of the populace. Indeed, such railways are often built by militaristic states which refuse to do anything scarcely for their people, except tax them and persecute them, as in the case of Russia before the recent revolution. Admittedly it is not always easy to determine whether a given instance of governmental activity is an example of State Socialism.

Having made as clear as possible what they mean by the term, the authors have secured the co-operation of government experts in getting together a mass of



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information about the many examples of State Socialism. They claim to have given their facts in a plain, unbiased way, and when any particular experiment in statification appears to have produced unsatisfactory results, they have not tried to hide or gloss over the fact. The volume is therefore not a mere

piece of *ex parte* propaganda. It is as impartial as is humanly possible. In fact, the spirit of Sidney Webb broods over it all. Of course, everybody knows that its editors are advocates of State Socialism, as a step to Social Democracy as well as for its own sake, but there is little or no evidence of this except in

the preface, where they show how the war has helped forward the tendency to State Socialism.



Italians and Belgians

Exactly half of this book, "Italy at War, and the Allies in the West," by E. Alexander Powell (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) is about Italy and her part in the war. The other half consists of four quite unrelated chapters dealing with the Russians in Champagne, the French, the British and the Belgian fronts. These latter chapters cause the book to have a certain lack of unity. Evidently they were not originally written for publication along with the chapters about the Italians.

Mr. Powell is a clear and readable writer, with a far better grasp of the subjects he deals with than many war correspondents, who too often are mere sensationalists. Though of course he is pro-ally in sympathy, he does not therefore write entirely without judgment. According to him the Italian government was guilty of what he considers a rather discreditable dickering with Austria before she decided to throw in her lot with the Entente. They were eventually forced to take the latter step, he says, because the people of Italy absolutely insisted upon it.

It is not, however, as a writer on the diplomatic side of the situation that Mr. Powell shines, though what he does say about diplomatic matters is not without interest. He is pre-eminently a war correspondent who brings before the reader something, at any rate, of what war means. If anyone thinks "the Italians are very quiet," and that they are not doing anything, this book will disillusion him. They are not good at advertising, and are more chary at giving out information than any other belligerent engaged, but they are doing wonders against difficulties that few people have any conception of. The Italian front, which zig-zags in and out among the Alps and over the baking and barren Carso, is longer than the French, British and Belgian fronts combined. Some of the positions can only be reached in baskets, suspended from wires, traversing valleys a mile deep. There have been cases of men seized with vertigo who have thrown themselves out of the baskets. A snow drift has many a time cut a small company off from the main body for two or three months.

One thing must endear the Italians to us. They have appointed an expert in art objects to do all that can possibly be done to save any works of art in the war area. What a contrast to their enemies, who have destroyed by useless air raids many of the most beautiful churches in Venice! One likes to think of this brave gentleman, Signor Ugo Ojetto, crawling on the floor of an Austrian villa where there were some valuable pictures, ordering his assistant after nightfall to take away this picture to a place of safety and leave that one because it was only a copy, both meanwhile keeping as close to the floor as possible because the moment either of them lifted their heads inadvertently to the level of the windows an Austrian bullet would crash through.

Mr. Powell is evidently impressed more with the scientific aspect of war—

with the problems of engineering, provisioning, and so forth, than with anything else. The horrors of war he says little about, and that only incidentally.

In the last couple of pages the author tells us that the Belgians have become exceedingly unpopular in France, and still more so in England. Indeed, the present reviewer saw it growing up almost as soon as the refugees began to come over and were quartered upon the people. Many of them abused the hospitality of their hosts, who regarded them all as heroes. They seemed to think the British owed them something because they had, temporarily at any rate, lost their country in the Allies' cause, and they were often impertinent and overbearing. The fact is the refugees are not the best class of Belgians. An attempt was made in England, backed by the government, to set them at work on the land, the idea being that as Belgium was a great country for small holdings, this work would be suited for them, and they might be able to teach the English peasantry something. It was found, however, that none of them knew anything about agriculture, and many of them didn't want to do work of any kind. They simply meant to have a good time. Some most astonishing "ladies" from Belgian towns have quite taken the breath of honest rural English folk who took them in. The Belgian peasantry are so attached to their small holdings that they have never left them except to go to heaven, sent thither by the Germans. Leading Belgian Labor Unionists also have said that few members of labor organizations were to be found among them. These latter had also refused to fly. The refugees mostly belong to the lower class town population. Many people pointedly asked why the young men among them, of whom there were many, did not join the army, which in Belgium was never a conscript army.



Race and State

"The Principle of Nationalities," by Israel Zangwill (The Macmillan Co., New York), is a lecture delivered at South Place Ethical Society, London, in March last. It is the eighth annual Conway Memorial Lecture, and it is accompanied by a few details concerning that great American-British ethicist whose influence to this day makes South Place the center of a robust type of teaching than that which now prevails there. Mr. Zangwill is always clear and interesting, both as a lecturer and as a writer. He has made herein an excursion into a field of sociology for which he has, it is true, no special qualifications, and it may be that his contribution to the subject has no great scientific value.

The question he essays to answer is the puzzling one of what constitutes a nation. Is it race? We have all races in the United States, yet we speak of the American nation. Is it language? The Belgians have two languages and two races, each of which receives the fullest official recognition; while the Swiss have four. And in every nation there is more than one language spoken. In France, besides French there is Flemish, Breton, Italian and several varieties of *patois*. Even in Britain there are people who cannot speak English, but only Irish,

Scottish or Welsh. Religion used to be considered to be largely bound up with nationhood, but it is doubtful whether any modern nation is anywhere near unanimous in its religious profession. And although no one knows quite what nationality is, most people seem willing to sacrifice life and limb for it! In about a hundred small pages of large type Mr. Zangwill makes a readable and thought-provoking attack on an important problem.

Letters From the People

A Diagram for a Poem

Tuscumbia, Mo., June 9, 1917.
Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

"Portrait of a Lady in Bed." This is 2 mutch. We've stood a lot from you, Bill, in the matter of free verse and other things, but honestly, there should be printed a diagram of Marjorie Allen Seiffert's poem in last week's MIRROR. On the level, tell us; what does it mean?

E. P. LEE.

[It is very simple to anyone who can understand psychology or symbolism. The "portrait" is that of the inside of the lady—a portrait of her thought, her feeling in a certain crisis.

The writer portrays a lady lying alone in bed, ruminating over her past love affair, her "passion grande" and in "The Coverlet" she has come again to the old conclusion that she was cowardly not to have entered upon the great adventure, but that "she is not responsible for her temperament!"

Next she speculates upon what *Harlequin* thinks of her—not a very consoling thought, but having some comfort, for she knows that, judging by the persistence of her own emotion, *Harlequin* could not have forgotten. That is "The Pillow."

Then she analyzes the reason she could not take him—(here the poet purposely refuses to take the matter too seriously. She has to accept the necessity for conventionalism, in all its ludicrous forms, to protect the shivering ego from reality).

In "The Curtain" she is unwillingly overcome by a touch of this dreadful reality, in an unexpected surge of longing toward *Harlequin*.

In "The Dream" she has fallen asleep and tries to dream it out to a happy ending, in which she fails, as her personality lives on even in her sleep, forbidding her to seize a happiness she has sacrificed, or perhaps it is really that her soul having had no contact with the reality of passion, cannot dream it.—*Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR.*

*

Portrait of a Lady in Bed

Wood River, Ills., June 9, 1917.
Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

An Italian friend who used to do his literary criticism largely with his expressive hands, was speaking of De Maupassant one day. "Ah, 'e 'as not contents," he said, "you squizz 'im op in your 'and, so, and o-pen your 'and—pff! Zare is nossing zare!"

I thought of this when I read "The Portrait of a Lady in Bed," by Marjorie Allen Seiffert, in the last MIRROR. The languid lady lolls upon the lounge and does a self-portrait by the camera-

man's trick of posing artfully in a looking-glass and pressing a concealed bulb. The result is all conceived in that peculiarly useless tense of Latin grammar which we translate "to be about to" mean something. One is teased by dark hints of latent meanings, as provoking as a slight tickle in your throat that you can't cough away. You sit up eagerly on your elbow, hoping that the horizontal lady is about to give away her secrets in her sleep, but she rambles on incoherently in phrases that are exciting but vague, like bits of a torn letter on which one can make out fragmentary words of love and hate.

In fact she is so deliciously, sleepily vague that she would make any attorney lose his temper if he should try to extract any definite information from her. Not that information is the object of poetry. When she murmurs,

"But you with your clowning, Harlequin,
Bring bony truth too near—"

you are just sure that she means something deep, and you whisper, "Yes, yes! Go on!" But she only says reproachfully that Harlequin after all couldn't get a laugh out of her, and she had already confessed that she liked to laugh "uproariously, riotously, joyously." For a lady whose tastes run in that direction, of course there is nothing but Charlie Chaplin! This is not the first time that a difference of opinion on the funniness of Charlie Chaplin has caused a lover's quarrel. How can you feel affinity for a person who detests C. C., whereas he moves *you* to spasms of mirth?

The scheme of the poem, with its sub-heads, "The Coverlet," "The Pillow," "Souvenir," "The Curtain" and "The Dream" either means something very melancholy and profound, or else, on the other hand, it doesn't. At any rate, it irresistibly suggests ribald analogies. Why say! If I had the time and the brains, I'd sit down and write a poem on a similar plan, to-wit, to whom:

TIME TO RE-TIRE Subheads

THE TWIN BEDS

THE MISSING PAJAMAS

THE SKINNY PIGTAIL

CURLERS UNDER A BOUDOIR CAP

THE DOUBLE CHIN ERADICATOR

THE DOUSED GLIM

THE SNORE

Coleridge succeeded in writing poetry in his sleep, but methinks the imbedded damsel in question had better wait until after breakfast.

Since the dormy lady says she likes to laugh riotously, I have set this alarm clock under her pillow to wake her up.

V. MCC.

Tenderfoot—How can you get down off an elephant?

Lightweight—You can't. You have to get it off a goose.—*Puck.*

The woman asked the negro his name when he applied for a job. "Mah name is Poe, ma'am." "Poe? Perhaps some of your family worked for Edgar Allan Poe." The negro's eyes opened in surprise. "Why," he gasped, "why, Ah am Edgar Allan Poe."

Some New Books

Scholarly is the term that best fits "In Good Company," written by Coulson Kernahan, the English editor and critic. The "good company" is made up of Swinburne, Lord Roberts, Watts-Dunton, Edward Whymper, S. J. Stone, Stephen Phillips, Oscar Wilde and incidentally many others. He gives us a view of all these men, but not an intimate personal insight, for his English reserve doubtless checks him in this direction; but nevertheless we learn as much as the person of literary taste cares to know. He tells us that he knew Wilde well for many years, but of the baser side of his nature nothing, as this was a phase that simply did not interest him. He says that Wilde was nearly always a poseur but he thinks that underneath his cloak of insincerity was considerable intellectual honesty. He devotes many pages to that most eccentric mountain climber, Edward Whymper, who nearly always went about London dressed as he would be garbed to brave the highest altitudes. The chapters devoted to Theodore Watts-Dunton are interesting and reveal some of his peculiarities. He says that Watts-Dunton published but two books during his lifetime, and these were released only after he had spent many years in rewriting and polishing them.

The thing that strikes one in his chapter on Swinburne is the revelation of the unruly temper and the extraordinary vanity of the man. "In Good Company" is a literary book about literary men, nor are the ones named above the only literary people we meet; Mr. Kernahan seems to have known about all the literary lights of his day and incidentally introduces us to scores of them. (John Lane Company.)

♦

"The Torch Bearers of Bohemia" is a historical novel which because of its vivid coloring is said to have received honorable mention by the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Petrograd. It is also announced that it is worthy of comparison with Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth." It is very far from that mark, although it is a very interesting novel of the days of John Hus, which were in the opening years of the fifteenth century. The writer gives us a picture of the peaceful invasion of Bohemia by the Germans and the animosities they engendered even five centuries ago—animosities which have persisted even to this day. John Hus was a patriot and religious reformer who died at the stake as a martyr for his faith. This faith, if we are to believe the writer of this novel, was very far from the Protestantism afterward founded by Luther, although Hus was nevertheless a protestant against the abuses that had grown up in the church of Rome, which the author pictures in a way that indicates in her a close adherence to Greek orthodox beliefs. The animosity between German and Czech and German Catholics and Catholic reformers like Hus with a leaning to the Greek church, is accentuated throughout and doubtless accounts partly for the lack of cohesion in the Austria-Hungarian monarchy of to-day. The morality which is a feature of the book may have been according to the

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historical facts of those days, but this will not harmonize with the literary taste of these latter days, which demands that virtue be rewarded and vice punished in the approved melodramatic way. There is a love story interwoven in the tale, but this feature lacks vigor. We are to assume, from a reference in the preface, that the author is a woman. Her name is V. I. Kryshanskaya and the translation from the Russian is made by Juliet M. Soskice. (Robert McBride & Co., New York.)

"The Echo of Voices," by Richard Curle (Alfred A. Knopf), is a collection of short stories. Mr. Curle is a new man in the literary field. The chief weakness of the author's story is that he seems to fail to get in the "story." It is as though you walked with him awhile and he talked to you and then you separated before he came to his conclusion. In their endings the stories have the indeterminateness of all the fiction of the modern Russian school. Indeed, these are not stories, but sketches, mere bits taken from life apparently. And yet there is an elusive merit in the sketches that will fix the attention perhaps because of this elusiveness. Joseph Conrad recommended the author to the publisher and says that he is a writer of temperament and brains.

♦♦♦

Marts and Money

Important New York stock market quotations are higher than they were a week ago. In the railroad group the improvement varies from one to two points. It is principally the result of covering of short commitments. The buying coincided with confident predictions of a satisfactory increase in freight rates. For Reading and Union Pacific common, the most representative instances, the current figures are 95 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 137 $\frac{1}{2}$; the previous quotations were 93 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 135, respectively. There can be no question that the short interest in the railroad department still is of great proportions, and further and still more substantial enhancement in prices would therefore cause no surprise in tutored circles. Constructive tactics are facilitated by reduced liquidation for foreign account, consequent upon our large loans to England and France, and the material depreciation in values recorded since last September or October, when Reading and Union Pacific common were quoted at 115 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 153 $\frac{1}{2}$. The present quotation for New York Central is 92, against 114 $\frac{1}{4}$ on October 5, 1916. In 1912, when this stock paid the same yearly dividend it does to-day—5 per cent—the top mark was 121 $\frac{1}{2}$. People who still are under optimistic delusions as to railroad credit should find comparisons of existing stock and bond values with maximum records of former years highly instructive. Life insurance companies made a vehement appeal the other day before the commerce commission for an adequate advance in freight rates. There was, or is, plenty of excuse for such action on their part. Their investment holdings of railroad bonds show serious losses in most cases. Corrective legislation in regard to book values and surpluses will soon have to be adopted in many states, if the federal authorities fail to give the much-

needed relief to the railroad companies. Already do we receive hints from New York that dividends to policyholders will have to be reduced. Many other institutional and hundreds of thousands of private investors find themselves unpleasantly prejudiced in their finances on account of the severe falls in the prices of railroad securities. Circumstances such as these can hardly prove advantageous to the government in the matter of floating enormous loans. I take it that the \$2,000,000,000 liberty loan would be fully taken by this time if the quoted values of investment securities of this class were 20 or 25 per cent higher than they are at present. In 1906 Atchison general 4s were as high as 104 $\frac{1}{2}$; their present price is 90; for Baltimore & Ohio gold 4s the respective figures are 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 85 $\frac{1}{2}$; for Burlington general 4s, the high notch, touched in 1908, is 103 $\frac{1}{4}$; the ruling price is 89 $\frac{3}{4}$. Erie prior lien 4s denote a decline from 102 to 80; Illinois Central refunding 4s, from 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 87, and New York Central debenture 4s, from 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 87. These are only a few cases in point. When we consider stock values the depreciation is more startling still, even if sufficient allowance is made for inflationistic practices during the 1899-1906 period. E. H. Harriman bought \$20,000,000 worth of New York Central stock at about 175, or at a price \$83 above that effective at this date. He thought himself fully justified in paying that much in behalf of the Union Pacific, which still holds the amount mentioned. In the same year, 1905-06, he acquired \$22,500,000 Illinois Central at 170 to 172; the prevailing quotation for this stock is 103, though the dividend rate (7 per cent) shows no change from that of eleven years ago. Even the premier railroad stock—Pennsylvania—indicates a depreciation of \$20 on the par value of \$50 when contrasted with the highest notch in 1906. This railroad stock alone is owned by nearly 100,000 investors.

United States Steel common is rated at 131 $\frac{1}{2}$ at the moment; a week ago the price was 128 $\frac{1}{2}$. On May 31 sales were effected at 136 $\frac{1}{2}$. The week's fluctuations in this instance reflected insistent profit-taking, and resolute attempts to force a precipitous break to about 120. It is bruited about that some audacious plunger yet are short many thousands of shares at prices ranging from 110 to 125. The monthly statement of the corporation disclosed a shrinkage of approximately 300,000 tons in the total of unfilled orders as of May 31. Intelligent traders quietly ignored the exhibit, however. They know that all the plants of the corporation are operating at full capacity, and that in existing extraordinary circumstances conjectures as to changes in unfilled business are not only unnecessary, but utterly futile, particularly so because no figures are obtainable in regard to shipments from the mills. Besides, trade advices remain egregiously favorable; there appears to be no limit to the requirements of the government. According to the authoritative *Iron Age*, Pittsburgh has established a new absolute top for pig iron—\$50 a ton—in one of the most exciting weeks since the commencement of the war. Everything depends, for the present, on the plans of Washington. "There

are indications that steel for cars and locomotives must have preference, after government and foreign needs for shells and ships, if the railroads are to succeed with the problems of war transportation." Pig iron output in May was 3,417,340 tons, against 3,334,960 for April. Last October the record was 3,508,849 tons.

Bulls on Steel common feel quite sure that it will sell at 150 at an early date. They fail to see how any sensible observer can expect a slump of serious extent in the face of reliable reports that the corporation will earn close to \$100 in 1917 on each share of stock outstanding after all charges and 7 per cent on the \$360,281,100 preferred. Some of these high-spirited fellows firmly believe that Steel common should be worth considerably more than Bethlehem Steel B stock, now rated at 148, against 143½ last week. They point out that the latter gets a yearly dividend of only 10 per cent, while the former should get at least 15 per cent in the present year, and may get 25 per cent. They also remind their skeptical friends that the production of the United States Steel corporation is decidedly more diversified than that of the Bethlehem, and, for this very reason, much less likely to be badly affected by peace pourparlers. Enthusiastic champions of Bethlehem B shares put emphasis upon the fact that Schwab and associates control about 42 per cent of the country's shipbuilding trade, and have a large number of vessels (135) under construction. It is somewhat puzzling that no one has yet stressed the comparative smallness of the outstanding amount of Bethlehem B—\$44,586,000. There is outstanding \$508,302,500 United States Steel common. Opportunistic speculators will not be inclined to attach particular importance to controversies of this kind. They will feel amused over them. Their fixed policy is to follow the market, to study the fluctuations, to watch the run of news from day to day, and to be constantly ready to turn from one side to the other, with a view to catching a modest profit.

United States Industrial Alcohol common made a sensational hit when it rose from 140½ to 170¾, and thereby set a new absolute maximum, the previous best record having been 170½. Holders of this stock, of which there is \$12,000,000, have received no dividends thus far, but they find comfort in the knowledge that 36 per cent was earned in 1916, after payment of the 7 per cent on \$6,000,000 preferred, quoted at 107. The company is controlled by Standard Oil interests. They are presumed to have been diligent buyers of the common stock at the low prices of 1914-15; the minimum was 15. There are hints that dividends will be declared in the near future at an annual rate of 6 or 7 per cent. We do not err the least if we hold the opinion that the astonishing advance in the quotation for Industrial Alcohol common was chiefly manipulative, and at the expense of gamblers who had rashly sold big amounts of stock that real owners agreed to lend them for that purpose. Insiders never find it very troubous to get dependable information in regard to the activities of short sellers of any prominent issues, especially not when the total

of par valuation does not exceed \$50,000,000.

The week's bank statement reveals excess reserves of \$68,719,200. This denotes a decrease of \$28,000,000 when compared with the previous record—that of June 2. On May 26, the total stood at \$176,429,670. There has thus been a contraction of nearly \$108,000,000 in the past fortnight. The loan item indicates an expansion of \$95,000,000. The effects of the government's loan operations and preparations for July payments are graphically reflected in the latest returns from the clearing-house and the federal reserve bank.

The Washington report for June 1 placed the probable winter wheat crop at 373,000,000 bushels, against 482,000,000 last year, while the spring wheat production was estimated at 283,000,000, against 158,000,000. The total prospective wheat yield of 656,000,000 bushels implies but a tenuous margin for export purposes—about 30,000,000. In 1915, the country produced over 1,000,000,000 bushels. Mr. Hoover puts the requirements of allied nations at 1,000,000,000 bushels. A disquieting outlook, undoubtedly; all the more so because our reserves will be inconsiderable or next to nothing by the close of the present crop year—June 30. The bulk of the supplies needed by allied peoples must be drawn from the United States and Canada.

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Finance in St. Louis.

On the Fourth street exchange they did a creditable amount of business, despite the conscriptive registration and the congress of enthusiastic representatives of the advertising industry. Of course it was not as large as it usually is in weeks of normal conditions. It is quite plain that the powers in control are resolved to keep things in a relatively firm and reassuring condition. Due regard is paid not only to the exigencies of shrewd patriotism, but to the far-flung interests of investment finance and holders. These remarks are applicable to conditions and prices in all the leading centers of finance. Banking certificates still draw considerable attention in the local market, especially those of the Bank of Commerce, the quotation for which shows an advance from 109 to 110. Two hundred and seventy shares were disposed of in the past week. Six Third National brought 240, ten St. Louis Union Trust, 350, and sixteen State National, 199. The latter price implies a slight depreciation. Two shares of Boatmen's Bank sold at 110. Last February the stock was obtainable at 100.75. The Mercantile Trust Co. has declared an extra dividend of 2 per cent.

There was quite a smart inquiry, for a while, for the common shares of the Brown Shoe Co. One hundred and thirty-five sold at 68 to 71.50; the preferred shares were overlooked in transactions. They look cheap, however, at the current quotation of 99. International Shoe preferred is stiffly held at 110.50, the dividend rate being 6 per cent. Of Wagner Electric, one hundred and forty-five shares were transferred at 199.50 to 200—unchanged figures. National Candy common continues in rather spirited demand; two hundred and sixty

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Answers to Inquiries.

INTERESTED, St. Louis.—United States Rubber first preferred is not a first-class investment. The 8 per cent dividend is safely earned, however, and will undoubtedly be maintained indefinitely. At the present price of 106, the stock is not immoderately valued, the indicated net yield being 7.54, and the 1916 top-mark 115½. The recent material decline in the new 5 per cent bonds was the outcome in the main of liquidation for speculative holders as well as for underwriting syndicate account. Some uneasiness has been created among owners of the company's securities by irresponsible insinuations regarding financial affairs. Official explanations have put a quietus on this sort of talk.

R. C. D., Marshall, Tex.—There are no special advices as to the causes of the perceptibly increased buying of Anglo-French 5s. It may have been incited, in part, by vague gossip about peace in the fall months; or by close cogitation on the intrinsic merits of the

	Bid.	Asked.
Mech.-Am. National	250	
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	111	114
United Railways pfd.....	17½	18
do 4s	58¾	59¼
Union Depot 6s.....	100	100¼
Kinloch Tel. 6s.....	104	
Union Sand and Material.....	82	
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....	107½	
Rice-Stix com.....	213	215
American Bakery com.....	11	12
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securities. The present price of 93½ shows a decline of about five points from the maximum level, attained in 1915. On February 14 last, sales were made at 90½—absolute minimum.

INVESTOR, Clayton, Mo.—(1) International Agricultural preferred is not a tempting investment; in fact, it is altogether speculative for the present, holders receiving no dividends and not being likely to receive any before January 1, 1918. There is \$13,055,500 outstanding; the fixed dividend rate of 7 per cent is cumulative. Nothing has been paid since January, 1913. About 5 per cent could be paid at this time. The prevailing price of 53 indicates that hopes of payments in the near future are not at all lively. (2) Would recommend holding American Agricultural Chemical common. Prospects of a better rate than 5 per cent are distinctly bright.

STOCKHOLDER, Terre Haute, Ind.—There are no expectations of a regular dividend rate of 10 per cent on Chandler Motors stock. The existing 8 per cent rate is not likely to be reduced in 1917. The company still earns a substantial surplus over dividend requirements. That the quotation may be raised to 125 before November 1 is highly improbable. It may be doubted even that 110 might be touched. Last year's best record was 131. But conditions in the motor manufacturing industry have decidedly changed since then.

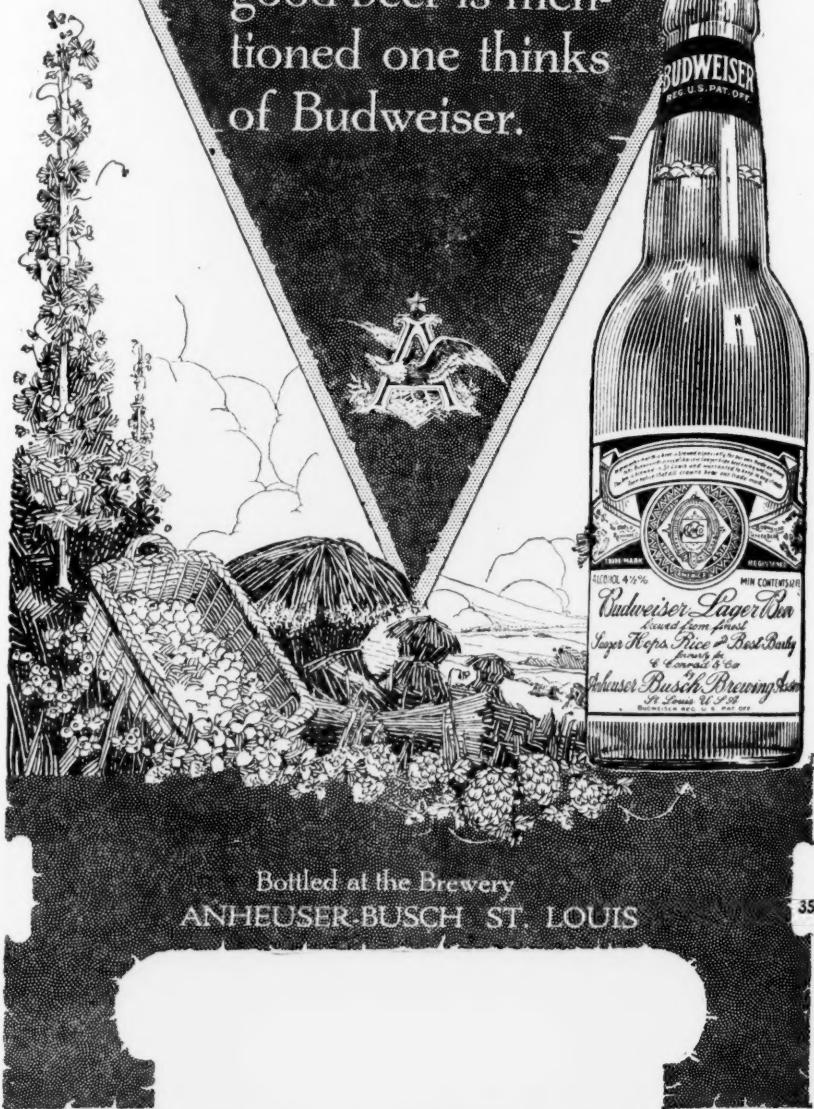
EDWARDS, Kansas City, Mo.—It is possible, but not probable, that the quotation for Louisville & Nashville might advance to 145 before the end of this year. Operating cost is growing, and cotton conditions are not very good. The total production is likely to be less than 10,000,000 bales, against 11,000,000 in 1916, and a high record of 15,500,000 a few years since. The prospective loss in quantity will partly be offset, of course, by dear prices. The Louisville dividend rate is not imperilled at present.

OBSERVER, Valley City, N. D.—If Miami Copper should advance to 45, and show you a respectable profit, let go, and stand aside for a while. One should never hold out for the last top eighth; it does not pay as a rule. Old J. Pierp. Morgan used to be satisfied with one point whenever he had come to the conclusion that the market might go against him. On November 20 last, Miami sold at 49½, the best on record. The company's ore reserves are estimated to insure profitable production for not more than twelve years.

J. O'G., St. Louis.—Like all companies of its class, the Penn-Seaboard Steel Corporation is handsomely advantaged by the tremendous demand for war supplies. Regarding earnings no trustworthy facts available at present. One of the subsidiaries—the Seaboard Steel Castings Co.—has lately been sold to the American Locomotive Co. Profits should be taken on stock bought at low prices. It is likely that ultimately the property will be absorbed by a strong competitor. If it is, stockholders should fare delectably well. The steel trade is bound to suffer a severe reaction at a not very remote date—probably some time after the war is over. If the conflict lasts a year longer, taxation will make heavy inroads upon earnings of all industrial corporations.

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